

# August Winds

## Sting

When August winds are turning,  
The fishing boats set out upon the sea,  
I watch 'til they sail out of sight,  
The winter follows soon,  
I watch them drawn into the night,  
Beneath the August moon.

No one knows I come here,  
Some things I don't share,  
I can't explain the reasons why,  
It moves me close to tears,  
Or something in the season's change,  
Will find me wandering here.

And in my public moments,  
I hear the things I say but they're not me,  
Perhaps I'll know before I die,  
Admit that there's a reason why,  
I count the boats returning to the sea,  
I count the boats returning to the sea.

And in my private moments,  
I drop the mask that I've been forced to wear,  
But no one knows this secret me,  
Where albeit unconsciously,  
I count the boats returning from the sea,  
I count the boats returning from the sea.

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